

JAN. 16, 1904.

TWO nun's-telling Nightdresses, tops and gowns, embroidered; good as new, cost 18s. each. Write 3074, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TWO smart silk moiré Petticoats, 18s. each, with flounces and frills, black and blue green; 18s. 6d. the two. Write 3075, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TWO pretty delaine Blouses, 7s. 6d. each, good as new; 10s. 6d. the two. Write 3076, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TWO smart Bonnets; suit elderly lady; good as new; rather dark; 12s. 6d. the two. Write 3078, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL black cloth semi-fitting dress, walking length; brided; good; 21s. 6d. the two. Write 3079, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL grey Cycling Costume, safety helmet, and improvements; 21s. 6d. the two. Write 3087, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL dark grey fringed bolero Costume, and lined coat, trimmed black and white; 23s. 39s. Write 3084, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

VERY stylish cream cloth Costume, and quarter satin-lined coat; 24s. 35s. Write 3085, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

VERY dainty Tea Jacket of cream silk, with large collar over green silk; 15s. 16s. 6d. the two. Write 3086, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

YOUNG Lady's Dance Dress, of green silk, with pleated skirt; 15s. 16s. 6d. the two. Write 3087, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WANTED best quality chinchilla Collar, or Stole. Write 775, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WANTED, smart cream serge Costume, in white, green, blue, and black. Write 781, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

A1 QUALITY Spoons, Forks, and Knives, also Teaspoons (5 dozen), silver-plated, nickel silver, flat, round, and oval. 25s. 26s. 27s. 28s. 29s. 30s. 31s. 32s. 33s. 34s. 35s. 36s. 37s. 38s. 39s. 40s. 41s. 42s. 43s. 44s. 45s. 46s. 47s. 48s. 49s. 50s. 51s. 52s. 53s. 54s. 55s. 56s. 57s. 58s. 59s. 60s. 61s. 62s. 63s. 64s. 65s. 66s. 67s. 68s. 69s. 70s. 71s. 72s. 73s. 74s. 75s. 76s. 77s. 78s. 79s. 80s. 81s. 82s. 83s. 84s. 85s. 86s. 87s. 88s. 89s. 90s. 91s. 92s. 93s. 94s. 95s. 96s. 97s. 98s. 99s. 100s. 101s. 102s. 103s. 104s. 105s. 106s. 107s. 108s. 109s. 110s. 111s. 112s. 113s. 114s. 115s. 116s. 117s. 118s. 119s. 120s. 121s. 122s. 123s. 124s. 125s. 126s. 127s. 128s. 129s. 130s. 131s. 132s. 133s. 134s. 135s. 136s. 137s. 138s. 139s. 140s. 141s. 142s. 143s. 144s. 145s. 146s. 147s. 148s. 149s. 150s. 151s. 152s. 153s. 154s. 155s. 156s. 157s. 158s. 159s. 160s. 161s. 162s. 163s. 164s. 165s. 166s. 167s. 168s. 169s. 170s. 171s. 172s. 173s. 174s. 175s. 176s. 177s. 178s. 179s. 180s. 181s. 182s. 183s. 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A BAD BOY'S DIARY.

Stole His Mother's Jewellery and a Matron's Money.

Like Winnie Wynne, a "cuss" seems to be on Albert Bennion, a boy of eighteen—he simply had to beg his bread.

Mr. Hall, the court missionary of Bow-street, when the lad was charged with begging on Saturday, said he believed prisoner to be the worst boy in London.

At the Bedford Reformatory, where he went in 1900, he became a regular youthful prodigy. At first he could scarcely read or write, but he made marvellous progress, and was in the habit of sending the missionary a cheerful letter every day.

He gained prizes at the reformatory, and left at the end of three years with a prospect of doing well on a farm in Canada. But back he went to his old ways of begging and stealing.

In his early youth he lured three younger brothers away from school, and left them to be picked up by the police. As an errand-boy he ran away with some money he had collected. Afterwards he left two situations immediately upon getting his wages.

He made off with some money belonging to the matron of a boys' home. When he left the Bedford Reformatory he stole 25s. from the place where he was employed. Not content, he broke into his mother's house in East Dulwich and stole clothing and jewellery.

Bennion was remanded, to see whether he could not be benefited by another twelve months in the reformatory.

JUDICIAL ANECDOTAGE.

Mr. Rentoul, K.C., sitting in one of the Old Bailey Courts on Saturday, introduced a little story into his summing-up after hearing a charge against a driver of being drunk while in charge of a dray, and of seriously injuring a costermonger. In defence it had been shown that the drayman frequently suffered from the recurrent effects of a blow which he had once received. This made him appear to be drunk.

The story told by the Judge was that he had a friend—a distinguished K.C.—who, having obtained a knowledge of the French language from books, resolved upon spending a holiday in Paris.

His enjoyment was, however, considerably marred by the celerity with which the French police arrested him upon a charge of drunkenness. They evidently thought no man in his sober senses could possibly speak their language in the manner affected by the eminent K.C.

The jury, after this anecdote, promptly brought in a verdict of Not Guilty.

SIR FRANCIS JEUNE RETURNS.

Sir Francis Jeune returned to his work as president of the Divorce Court on Saturday after having been absent for a considerable time owing to his illness. He merely heard one case which occupied a comparatively short time.

A nurse, Mrs. Ellen Forsey, sought a divorce from her husband, an ex-policeman. She had been married to him at Broadwindsor, Dorsetshire, where he was then in the local police force. Their married life turned out unhappily, and ultimately they separated. Afterwards, in June, 1903, Mrs. Forsey learnt that her husband had gone through the ceremony of marriage with another woman in Guernsey.

A decree nisi was granted.

AFFLICTED WITH THE "DUKE."

The statement made at the South-Western Police Court on Saturday that a man arrested for working a horse which was in an unfit state had said "Oh, he's got the duke," puzzled the magistrate. He was informed that the expression "duke" was slang for skin disease.

A veterinary surgeon who was present was asked if he could explain the origin of the expression.

"Only the old saying, 'God bless the Duke of Argyll,'" he replied. "He had a wish to erect in the Scotch country posts for four-legged animals to scratch themselves against."

The Magistrate: I was only wondering whether the expression was "dook" or "duke."

294 VISITS TO POLICE-COURTS.

Police-court missionaries have a hard time of it, judging from the summarised report for the past year issued by Mr. W. Fitzsimmons, of the Thames Police Court.

He made 294 visits to police-courts and 1,250 visits to homes in connection with cases that came before the Court. Situations were found for forty persons, as the result of ninety-eight visits to employers. The missionary, at home, or in court, received 578 callers, and wrote 711 letters. And, amongst many other miscellaneous labours, he saw to the distribution of 516 cwt. of coal, and attended and addressed ninety meetings.

SUPPER PARTIES AT HENGLER'S.

At the Union Jack Ice Carnival at Hengler's, on February 4, there will be some attractive features. A novelty is the first performance of the Union Jack waltz, which has been composed for the occasion. Supper tables have been booked by the Duchess of Somerset, the Duchess of Bedford, and many other ladies well known in society.

SON AGAINST FATHER.

Unfilial Attempt to Make a Criminal of an Honest Man.

CONTRITION AND WITHDRAWAL.

In the natural order of things the cases which are heard at the Central Criminal Court are only too frequently of a most painful character.

It is seldom, however, that the circumstances are so peculiarly distressing as in the case which came before the Recorder at the Old Bailey on Saturday, when an elderly man named Robert Markham surrendered to his bail to answer a charge of publishing a defamatory libel concerning his son, Leonard Markham.

On the case being called, Mr. Elliott said he was present to ask the Court to allow the prosecution to offer no evidence in this case, which was one of a very painful character. The prosecutor, who was the son of the prisoner, managed a provision business in London for his father. As the result of something which came to the knowledge of the father in connection with the management of the business, he wrote a letter to the plaintiff's father-in-law. It was on this letter that the allegations of libel had been based.

The letter stated:—

"I am writing you on a very painful and distressing subject concerning my son Len, your son-in-law, for things have come to such a frightful pass that it is dreadful to think about it. He has robbed me of many hundreds of pounds to carry on his schemes of betting and gambling. . . . He owes money to bookmakers and moneylenders, and, if I am rightly informed, he has pledged his furniture. If this is so, how will it affect you and his home?"

On receipt of this letter, Mr. Elliott continued, Mr. Flanner at once demanded an interview with his son-in-law, and put it to him that if these accusations were true he would not allow him to visit the house, and would take steps to protect his daughter. The son-in-law was very much alarmed at what was

said by his father-in-law, and being at the same time dismissed from the management of the business, he, in a moment of impetuosity, and being ill-advised, began these proceedings.

Son's Poignant Regret.

After the case had been committed for trial, however, the young man was seized with the most poignant regret that he should have behaved as he had done to his father. He was covered with shame, and was utterly unable to face the Court to conduct the prosecution.

Mr. Elliott explained that he was present to explain to the Court the prosecutor's position, and to ask in the most respectful manner that he might be allowed to discontinue the proceedings.

"I told him," Mr. Elliott added, "that if I was to be associated with the case there was only one course possible. I cannot imagine a more humiliating and regretful position for any man to be in. I would like to express publicly to the father on behalf of the son his extreme regret and contrition for his conduct."

The Recorder: Is the son here?—No, my lord.

Mr. Gill, K.C., who appeared for the father, remarked that the proceedings constituted a most outrageous scandal. The letter was a private letter from a broken-hearted father, who found that his son was robbing him, to the father-in-law.

The Recorder: I should have liked to see the prosecutor and to have heard from him a personal expression of his regret. He would have heard some expressions of my views on his conduct if he had been here.

The jury having returned a verdict of Not Guilty, the Recorder, in discharging the prisoner, said he very much regretted that he had been required to surrender himself into the dock. It was through an inadvertence, and he would have wished to save him from that ignominious position.

THE POLICE SCANDAL.

Particulars of the Case Which the Scotland Yard Authorities are Investigating.

The Police Orders on Saturday night contained the following: "Detective-Inspector Alfred Ward promoted to Chief Detective of the F or Paddington Division, vice Detective-Inspector McCarthy."

This step is stated to be the outcome of the recent allegations made against a West End detective-inspector, although the result of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners' inquiry into the scandal has not yet been issued.

Th allegations are receiving the strictest investigations at the hands of the Scotland Yard authorities, but as yet no public statement has been made by them with regard to the matter.

Inquiries by a *Daily Mirror* representative tend to show that there are four chief characters whose names have been mentioned in connection with the matter, viz., the officer involved, a publican, a bookmaker, and another police-officer.

The friends of the inspector state that it has been alleged against him that a sum of money—some £14 or £15—was passed over a public-house counter into his hands, and that, this statement being accepted, the construction has been put upon it that the money was a bet, or that it was a bribe from the publican and the bookmaker.

The officer in question is one of the most popular in the force. He is recognised as one of the most successful of Transatlantic de-

tectives, and has won fame in some of the most notorious cases of modern times, having served for twenty-two and half years with distinction. His friends support him in protesting that the whole thing is a plot, and assert his innocence.

It is stated that the allegation that threats were made to shoot a police superintendent should not have great importance attached to it.

ALLEGED PERJURY BY POLICE.

On Saturday summonses were applied for at Greenwich Court against three policemen—Sergeant Williams, Constable Eldred, 492 R., and Constable Croxton, 201 R.—on the ground that they committed perjury in a recent case against a man named Taylor.

Mr. Elliott, who made the application, said the police officers swore that on November 23, 24, and 26 last they saw Taylor, a commission agent at East Greenwich, receiving betting slips. Taylor, on the other hand, went into the witness-box and swore that on November 23 he was at Homerton, attending a whippet race meeting; on November 24 he was at a steeplechase meeting; and on November 26 he was at Brighton attending a funeral.

The Magistrate granted summonses against the sergeant in connection with the three dates mentioned, and against the two constables for one date.

ADVICE FOR FOOLS.

Passing sentence on a man who had lost money by betting and had stolen his employer's money, Mr. Fordham, the North London magistrate, said that men who indulged in betting should read the opinion of the Duke of Portland, an owner of race-horses, who last week said in effect that the man who bets is no better than a fool.

When a good, straightforward, sensible man like the Duke of Portland strongly condemned betting, surely his words should have weight with a fool like the prisoner and others like him who were from the same cause going beyond their means.

PUT TO FLIGHT BY A CAPTAIN.

George Smith, a Notting Hill labourer, chased by a captain in the 18th King's Dragoons who had found him in the officers' quarters at Hounslow Barracks with two coats over his arm, dashed into a passage and found that the only means of escape was by a window. He climbed through it and jumped on to a roof some distance below, thus making his escape.

However, the police have since arrested him, and the Brentford magistrates on Saturday sent him for trial.

STIRRING UP TROUBLE.

After only six weeks of matrimony, Henry Tuckwell, a Notting Dale labourer, has been summoned by his wife for assault.

His plea to the West London magistrate on Saturday was, "She is really mad, your worship. When she has a cup of tea she insists on having three teaspoons in her saucer—one for the sugar, one for the milk, and one for stirring."

The Magistrate: Why did you marry her?—I thought she was a rational person.

The Magistrate (upon the wife chiming in): Why did you marry her?—I thought he was a respectable man.

The summons was adjourned.

WOULD NOT GO TO THE INFIRMARY.

"Persons should not have an objection to go into parish infirmaries," said Dr. Thomas, the coroner at St. Pancras; "they are practically hospitals, and the diet is liberal."

Lucy Wilson, aged eighty-four, upon whom the inquest was, had refused to go to the infirmary, and when eventually the relieving officer arrived deceased was unconscious. The doctor found her dead.

BASE INGRATITUDE.

Barrister Grossly Libelled by the Man he had Befriended.

Ingratitude of a most despicable nature had characterised the action of a man named John Christian Weber, who was placed in the Old Bailey dock on Saturday to take his trial on the charge of publishing a defamatory libel concerning Mr. Ernest Badinuis Florence, a barrister.

The story told by Mr. Bodkin, on behalf of the barrister, was that thirty years ago, as a young man, Weber was employed by Mr. Florence's father, who was then a printer in ink-manufactory, but after thirty years' service he was discharged from there, on the ground that the firm might not have to pension him.

In his distress he appealed to his employer's son, and the barrister started a printing-ink manufactory and put him in as manager at a salary of £2 a week. The business was eventually given up, however, and then Weber wrote to Mr. Florence accusing him of disgraceful conduct, and began to assail him at his chambers with offensive papers.

The Recorder told the prisoner that he was lucky for him that he was not charged with blackmail. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and ordered to find sureties for his good behaviour on his release from prison. If this was not done he would have to undergo a further six months' imprisonment.

Changed His Mind.

The prisoner's attitude in court had been peculiar, for, when called upon to plead, he first stated that he wished to enter a plea of justification. To this the Recorder replied that he must in that case postpone the main plea to the next sessions to enable the prisoner to obtain legal assistance to prepare the necessary documents, a thing impossible to an ordinary layman.

The question as to whether Weber could be assisted under the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act was then considered, as he said he was quite without means. The Recorder replied, however, that the prisoner, who had entered no defence when charged at the police court, and that under such circumstances he could not be granted legal assistance under the new Act.

Weber was being taken from the dock, having been decided to adjourn the case to the next sessions, when he called out that he would plead guilty. The case was, therefore, continued, with the result given above.

FORGOTTEN TRADITIONS.

Mr. Justice Kennedy, on behalf of the plaintiff, Mr. Russell, on behalf of the plaintiff, Mr. Hugo Young, K.C., on behalf of the defendant, all in turn expressed their views on Saturday to Mr. Keen, of the firm of Green, Keen, and Co., for having gratuitously undertaken to decide on the question of the amount of damages due to the plaintiff in connection with an action before the court.

Mr. Young caused some amusement by remarking that although Mr. Keen was not a managing director of a large firm he was known him for many years as a practising barrister. He was sorry to say that Mr. Keen had engaged in trade he had foregone the traditions of the profession and was not charged anything for his work. He would have thought that he would have known better.

THE BRIEF BAG.

For shaking door-mats in the street after eight o'clock in the morning a woman was fined 5s. and 2s. costs, at the Thames Police Court on Saturday.

Daniel O'Connor, sent to an industrial school in 1884, and now doing very well in Canada, wishes to find his mother. He believes she has since married a man named Smith.

"You know what 'immediate' means in a foreign Government," St. Albert de Russell retorted when he was told at Bow-street on Saturday that papers necessary to the disposal of an extradition case were coming in immediately.

A shop salesman named David William Gamage, living at Fulham, told the Metropolitan magistrate, in explanation of embarking on a career of crime, that he had had bad luck at billiards, and owed £20 to a club in consequence.

Charles Somerville was deeply sorry at Westminster on Saturday, where he was charged with stealing a silk hat and assaulting a policeman. He was discharged on a charge of theft, but was fined £5 or a month for the assault.

Two newsmen were fined ten shillings each at West London Court for £3 which they "Shocking Murder!" Discovery of the body of a well-known young man in Shepperton Bush! whereas their papers contained nothing to justify it.

In Clerkenwell County Court on Saturday a man used his son-in-law for £3 which he alleged he had advanced in order that his son-in-law's wife might get a set of false teeth, but the teeth were never obtained, as she was taken ill. The case was dismissed.

An old woman named Bridget Murphy was remanded at Westminster on Saturday charged with dropping gilt rings on the pavement and then accosting young women in the object of inducing them to buy the rings as valuable jewellery which she had picked up.

THIRD TEST MATCH.

Past Wicket Bothers the English Batsmen.

AUSTRALIA'S LONG LEAD.

The fast pace of the wicket at Adelaide proved altogether too much for the English batsmen engaged in the second Test match with Australia on Saturday, and now the Colonials have gained so great an advantage that our men will find it a very difficult matter to retrieve their position.

The home side completed their first innings for a total of 305, a by no means enormous total as totals go in Australia. The batsmen who went in on Saturday did little, Bosanquet being the only one who came up very quickly from the break, apparently troubling them considerably.

The bulk of the scoring was done by Noble, who continued to play steadily and well. A grand piece of fielding by Rhodes at deep cover-point got rid of McLeod, and indeed the bowling of the Englishmen was maintained at a high level of excellence throughout.

Warner and Hayward made a most suspicious start in the English innings. In the half-hour's batting that they had before being put out on 29 runs, the M.C.C. captain, McLeod, whom he three times despatched to the boundary.

The men continued to play steadily together for some little while after the luncheon interval, but the total had only been taken to 47 when Hayward played a ball on to his wicket. Worse followed, for Tydesley, without scoring, was beautifully taken by Kelly at the wicket in attempting to glance a ball to leg.

These early disasters naturally caused suspicion for the English batsmen. Foster was unusually slow, leaving the on-theory balls, which the bowlers were continually sending down, severely alone. Warner for a time followed his example, but was brilliantly caught by one from Trumble at a catch in the slips, while both Brand and McLeod were out to the simplest possible manner.

AUSTRALIA.

R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	79
H. A. Hirst, b. Hirst	113
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	88
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	59
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	8
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	10
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	4
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	8
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	1
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	3
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	15
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	388

M.C.C.

H. A. Hirst, b. Hirst	20
H. A. Hirst, b. Hirst	46
H. A. Hirst, b. Hirst	0
H. A. Hirst, b. Hirst	21
H. A. Hirst, b. Hirst	13
H. A. Hirst, b. Hirst	58
H. A. Hirst, b. Hirst	10
H. A. Hirst, b. Hirst	9
H. A. Hirst, b. Hirst	11
H. A. Hirst, b. Hirst	9
H. A. Hirst, b. Hirst	199

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

AUSTRALIA—First Innings.	
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	30.1 4 95 3
H. A. Hirst, b. Hirst	13 1 49 0
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	14 3 93 3
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	14 1 58 2
R. A. Duff, b. Hirst	14 1 58 2

FALL OF THE WICKETS.

AUSTRALIA.—First Innings.									
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
123	272	296	308	310	343	360	384	384	388

M.C.C.—First Innings.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
47	48	50	99	116	146	173	199

M.C.C.—First Innings.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
47	48	99	116	146	173	199	

HOCKEY.

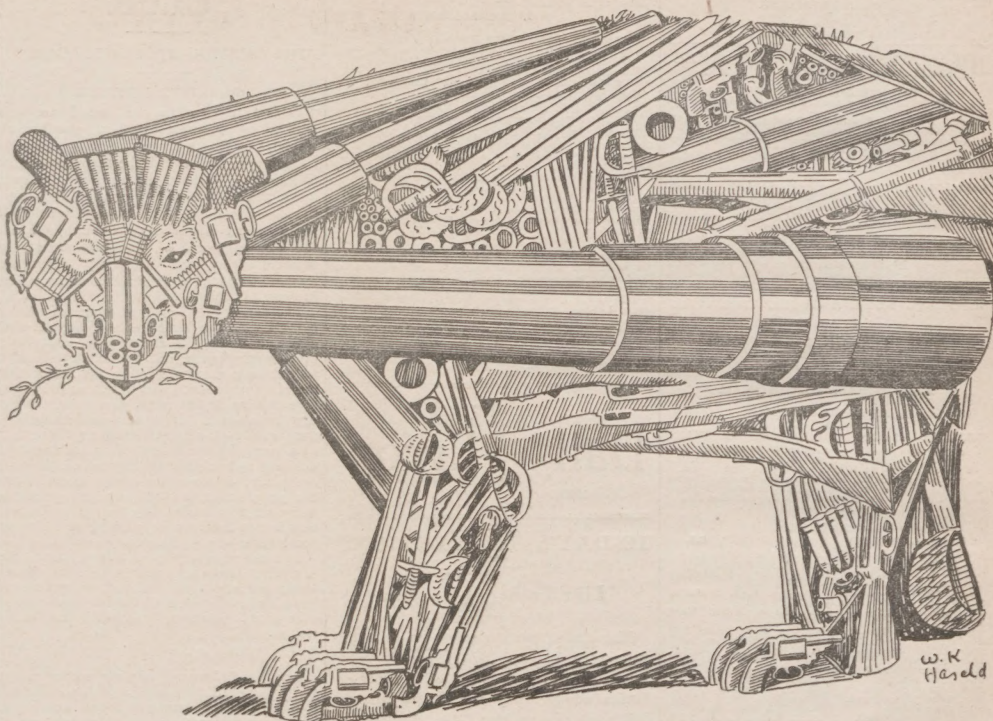
An inter-county ladies' hockey tournament is to be held this week at Weston-super-Mare. The counties taking part are Somerset, Wiltshire, Dorset, Devon, Gloucestershire, Cornwall, Herefordshire, and Shropshire, and as Somerset themselves hope to do well, and have a goal record of 21 to 2, which is more than that of any other county.

The Somerset team maintained their unbeaten record for the season by defeating Devonshire 3 to 1 (Smith two, Cheales one, and Oswald one) to three (Watts two and Paige one).

MINISTER OF JUSTICE FINED.

Herr Reubrat, Minister of Justice of the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, has been fined twenty marks for insulting Herr Biermann, a journalist, in connection with a recent libel dispute.—Reuter.

THE BEAR AND THE OLIVE BRANCH.



"I desire and intend to do all in my power to maintain peace in the Far East."

—Tsar's Speech on Russian New Year's Day.

ALL KINDS OF SPORT.

Varied Amusements of Young England at Home.

INTERESTING RACING AT HURST PARK.

Visitors to Hurst Park on Saturday afternoon forgot all their miserable weather experiences of the early part of the week in the Midlands. The sun shone brilliantly, the attendance all round was exceptionally good, and there was some interesting racing.

A good start was made with the Novices' Hurdle Race, seventeen turning out. Spinning Minnow, who represented Jarvis's stable in preference to Archon, was expected to make a successful debut over the sticks, but he was never in the front rank; and The Eagle, coming away when half the journey had been compassed, won in a hack canter.

The Richmond Steeplechase was fatal to half the number that turned out, Lord Ronald II., Friday II., Master Victor, and Cossack II. all coming to grief, leaving Adami to at last make amends for previous "seconds," he being afterwards retained by Mr. Bottomley for 135 guineas.

Backers were again fortunate in the Middlesex Steeplechase, and although at several places the favourite Amethyst was outpumped by Bonley, three obstacles from home Mr. Bancroft's representative came right away and looked as if he could go round again.

Having won six races in succession, Hidden Love, purchased privately a short time ago by Major Coventry from Lord Gerald Grosvenor, was deemed a certainty for the Open Steeplechase, but making a mistake six furlongs from home was easily beaten at the finish by Bobbie. Both are in the "National," as is also the Australian-bred Moifaa, who was making a first appearance in this country.

The Weir Sling Hurdle produced a good field, and as little as 7 to 4 was accepted about Morning Mail; but Precious, friendliness in the market, won cleverly, being afterwards sold to Mr. Stedall for 170 guineas. Details:—

Race. Winner. Rider. Price.

Novices' Hurdle (17)	The Eagle	Matthews	9 to 2
Richmond Steeplechase (8)	Adami	Read	5 to 2
Middlesex Steeplechase (7)	Amethyst	Driscoll	6 to 5
Open Steeplechase (6)	Bobbie	Mason	3 to 1
Weir Sling Hurdle (15)	Precious	Kenny	100 to 8
Jan. 11's Hurdle (15)	Chowette	Hazan	8 to 1

A telegram from Dunstall Park last evening stated that there was a small quantity of snow on the course in places, but it was fast disappearing, and should there be no further fall racing is certain to-day. The following horses may win their engagements: Hughath, Traveller II., Didn't Know, Blue Glass.

FOOTBALL.

The following were the results of the principal Association football matches on Saturday:—Middlebrough (h) 2, West Bromwich Albion 2; Newcastle United (h) 1, Everton 0; Bury (h) 1, Sheffield Wednesday 0; Sheffield United (h) 1, Stoke 1; Liverpool (h) 2, Sunderland 1; Aston Villa (h) 1, Small Heath 1; Notts County 2, Derby County 2. Southern League: Tottenham Hotspur (h) 2, Queen's Park Rangers 2; West Ham United (h) 1, Plymouth Argyle 1; Swindon (h) 1, Brighton 1;

Portsmouth (h) 2, Bristol Rovers 1; Northampton (h) 2, Wellingborough 0; New Brompton (h) 0, Fulham 0; Luton (h) 1, Millwall 1; Brentford (h) 0, Reading 0. Second Division League: Burton (h) 3, Woolwich Arsenal 1; Preston North End (h) 3, Bolton Wanderers 1. Other matches: Corinthians (h) 4, Southampton 1; Cambridge University 7, Clapton (h) 0; Casuals (h) 8, Enfield 1.

Under the Rugby code the results were:—Scottish Cities 16 points, Rest of Scotland 8 points; Cheshire 13 points, Birkenhead (h) 3 points; Old Merchant Taylors 9 points, Harlequins (h) 3 points; Guy's Hospital 6 points, Rosslyn Park 3 points; Blackheath (h) 8 points, London Irish 3 points; Richmond (h) 28 points, Northampton 3 points; Marlborough Nomads 11 points, Kensington 0; Moseley 7 points, Manchester (h) 5 points; Gloucester (h) 21 points, Leicester 0; Cardiff (h) 23 points, Bristol 0; Swansea 6 points, Llanelly (h) 3 points; Newport 3 points, Devonport Albion (h) 0; London Welsh (h) 16 points, Catford 3 points.

Rosslyn Park yesterday played an interesting game with the Racing Club of France at the Parc des Princes, Paris. The English team played up well, but the Racing Club, avoiding the usual mistakes of French teams, won by 1 goal and 2 tries.

FINE RUNNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The pluck as well as the staying power and speed of Alfred Shrub, the one mile, four miles, and ten miles flat international, Sussex, and Southern Counties cross-country champion and record-holder, were put to a severe test, at Guildford, on Saturday.

Running for the Guildford Harriers in a six miles inter-club race with the Herne Hill Harriers and Reading A.C. Harriers, Shrub covered the course in 35 min. 55 sec., and beat the Irish ex-champion, J. E. Deakin (Herne Hill Harriers) for first place by about 600 yards.

Directly from the start Shrub bounded ahead, and there was no holding him. On leaving the road for the open country he opened up a wide gap between himself and his nearest pursuer. On the way, however, a spike forced itself through one of the champion's shoes, and the pain was intense. About a quarter of a mile from the finish he discarded the offending gear, and rattled over the last 300 yards sprint with one foot naked.

Shrub's victory in the Southern Counties Championship at Lingfield on February 27 and in the National at Dunstall Park, Wolverhampton, on March 6 (when he will be opposed by the pick of the French as well as the English, Irish, and Scottish cracker) seems once more a foregone conclusion.

W. J. Clark put in a smart performance when winning the Essex Beagles' seven miles championship by a furlong or so from the Essex mile champion, W. G. Collins, on Saturday, in 43½ minutes.

TREASURE-HUNTING.

In Which it is Shown that History Repeats Itself.

When the Censor forbade D'Annunzio's play "La Città Morta" with its story of the buried treasure of the Atridae lying golden and mysterious beneath the sun-bathed rock and sand of "the thirsty plain of Argos," he little dreamt that he was dealing with a subject that linked the readers of the "Weekly Dispatch" with the Egyptian Pharaohs.

The "Weekly Dispatch" has buried treasure out of sight. Agamemnon and the old Kings of Mycenae were laid, with all their belongings, beneath the earth, and now the "Egyptian Gazette" publishes a translation from the "Kitab el Kanoor," a rare book "compiled certainly several hundred years back, and very highly valued by Maghrabi treasure-seekers."

"Go to the Sphinx," says this old chronicle, "and measure from its face south-east twelve Maliki cubits—that is to say, each a cubit and a half of the greatest cubit. Search there and you will find two mastabas of stone and stones scattered around them. Dig between the two mastabas about a man's height, and you will find a plate (? flagstone). Clear it from sand well, and raise it and pass to the door which is the door of the great pyramid. Cross the threshold of the door and beware of the wells on the right and left, which are closed wells (sic). Pass straight on and take no notice of the wells, and you will find in the breast (front) of the wall a great stone (? turning). Open it and pass on, and you will see many cells on the right and left, and before your face a great cell with the (great) king of the former kings of Egypt, and kings with him and his son, around him, wearing their kingly robes, adorned with gold and silver, and you will see their treasures and their emeralds, and pearls and ornaments of gold and silver. . . ."

Truly history repeats itself.

Then and Now.

That the early Egyptian treasure-seekers ever came into conflict with the authorities is not recorded; nor is it known whether the Nonconformist ministers of that date addressed their congregations on the subject of hidden treasure.

In Islington, where certain of the seekers have pulled up paving-stones and trespassed on public and private property, the matter has come before the Borough Council's week-end meeting, and a local evangelist made treasure-hunting the subject of his yesterday's sermon.

The last issue of the "Weekly Dispatch" has also a word to say in the matter:—"As a legitimate amusement," it observes, "there can be no fault to find with treasure-seeking, but we thoroughly sympathise with those members of the public who object to the noisy presence of gangs of people, most of whom obviously have never read the clues in the journal at all. The treasure is never buried deeply, and those who dig for it are fools."

"Fools" is the right word.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET.—TO-MORROW, at 8.45.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED.
By Henry Arthur Jones.
Preceded at 8 by THE WIDOW WOODS.
FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily, 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.

LAST WEEKS. LAST WEEKS.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.
Box Office 10 to 10.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. ST. JAMES'S.
Mr. ALEXANDER will make his RE-APPEARANCE
on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 25, when the run of OLD
HEIDELBERG will be resumed. Seats can now be booked.

SKATING FETE AND ICE CARNIVAL
IN AID OF
THE UNION JACK CLUB

will be held at the
NATIONAL SKATING PALACE,
ARGYL-STREET, OXFORD-CIRCUS,
on
FEBRUARY 4th, 1904.
Under the Patronage of
H.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES,
who have graciously consented to be present.
Afternoon Skating at 3 p.m. Admission 10s. 6d.
Evening Skating at 8 p.m. Admission One Guinea.
There will be Skating Exhibitions and General Skating
both Afternoon and Evening. In the Evening 12 Prizes
will be offered for the best and most Original Costumes.
Supper by Benoit.

COMMITTEE. THE LADY REDDEDALE, C.V.O., C.B.
Chairman, The Countess of Derby.
The Duchess of Bedford.
The Countess of Devon.
The Countess of Donoughmore.
The Viscountess Falkland.
The Viscountess Grey.
The Lady Trenchard.
The Lady Helen Vincent.
The Hon. Mrs. Derek Keppel.
Lady Warr.
Lady Hamilton.
Mrs. George Cornwallis West.
Mrs. H. Grenader.
Mrs. Arthur Haggard.
Mrs. Alfred Harcourt.
Mrs. Adrian Hope.
Miss E. McCull, R.N.C.
Mrs. Alfred Spender.

Major Arthur Haggard (Secretary).
The Union Jack Club Office,
Pall Mall Deposit,
Carlton-street, Regent-street, S.W.

PERSONAL.

SILVER AND JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpols and
Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared
to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount.
Articles sent from the country receive immediate atten-
tion.
BRIDGE—Barton's Problem Diagram (Copyright).—Pad, 50
Diagrams, 1s. post free.—Barton, Collyhurst, Manchester.
HINDE'S HAIR BVD. 6d. Essential new style coiffure.
TROUBLE, time, and temper savers. "Hinde's" delightful
little wavers.
SEIGER'S—The safe hair dye for home use.

CHARITIES.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

PATRON:
H.M. KING EDWARD VII.
PRESIDENT:
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
Founded 1123. Refounded 1547.
NUMBER OF BEDS:
HOSPITAL, 670; CONVALESCENT HOME, 70.
NO APPEAL FOR 150 YEARS.

A MEETING will be HELD at the
MANSION HOUSE on TUESDAY,
JANUARY 26,

AT 3.0 p.m., at which
THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR
WILL PRESIDE,
TO RAISE THE FUNDS NECESSARY
FOR REBUILDING.

HINDE'S WAVERS.
HINDE'S WAVERS.

THE ATTRACTIVE KINK.
It is everything nowadays to possess an attractive
"kink" in the hair.—Ladies' Field.

PUNCH on the "KINK."
PUNCH on the "KINK."

"Punch" asks: Why is Marconi like Hinde's?
Because both produce waves to possess an attractive
"kink" in the hair.—Ladies' Field.

PUNCH on the "KINK."
PUNCH on the "KINK."

For the Attractive "Kink" get **HINDE'S WAVERS.**
Nos. 11, 14, 18, 21.

HINDE'S WAVERS.
HINDE'S WAVERS.

BIRTHS.

BEATON—On the 14th inst., at 21, Langland-gardens,
Hampstead, the wife of Mr. W. H. Beaton, of a son.
NORMAN—On Jan. 14, at Chiswick Rectory, Taunton,
the wife of the Rev. Harry Norman, M.A., of
Wood Manor, Somerset, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

COBURN-ARONSON—On the 14th inst., Francis, eldest
son of Henry I. Coburn, 22, Fitzjohn's-avenue, N.W.,
to Doris (Daughter) eldest daughter of S. Aronson, of 12,
Courtfield-gardens, S.W.

DEATHS.

BOND—On Jan. 12, at the Vicarage, Stacross, Devon, the
Rev. Edward C. Bond, Vicar of the Parish, aged 80.
MADOT—On the 14th inst., at Southsea, at the residence
of her sister (Mrs. Carrow), Pauline, eldest daughter of
the late Adolphe Madot, R.L.P.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
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To CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror*
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their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped
addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed
plainly to the Editors, the *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-
street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on
the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manu-
scripts should have the writer's name and address written
on the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on
fly-leaf only, nor in the letter that may possibly accom-
pany the contribution.

The
Daily Mirror.

MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Like Father, Like Son.

The communication which we print this
morning from our Berlin correspondent
seems quite likely to provide the necessary
"crisis news" when the Russo-Japanese
difficulty palls, as it will soon do if the in-
tervals between events go on lasting as long
as they do at present. That the Kaiser
and his eldest son are not entirely agreed
on all points has been known for some little
time. But our correspondent is the first
to disclose the length to which their dis-
agreement has gone. It has even come
to this (so it is believed by persons who are
in a position to be well-informed)—that the
Crown Prince declares his wish to live
abroad if his father will not leave him more
alone.

The Prussian ambition, expressed on
Saturday by the Imperial Chancellor at the
opening of the Diet, that "the King should
be first in Prussia, Prussia first in Germany,
and Germany first in the world," is thus in
danger of breaking down at more than one
point. Germany is as yet some way off
being "first in the world," and it looks as
if the claims of William II. (who is, of
course, the King of Prussia as well as Ger-
man Emperor) to be "first in his kingdom"
is being disputed also. When it is the fate
of a strong, self-willed father to have a
strong, self-willed son, there is generally a
tug-of-war for a while.

The father thinks it hard that he should
be crossed by his own offspring. He forgets
that he, in his youth, found discipline irk-
some, and good advice annoying. But in
course of time these matters arrange them-
selves. A little patience on each side
works wonders. One can only hope that
both Emperor and Crown Prince will have
wisdom enough to see that patience
is called for, and that there will be no open
scandal to disturb the Courts of Europe.

WHY NOT MANSLAUGHTER?

The official evidence given on Saturday
at the inquiry into the fall of thirty tons of
brick and stone from a shop in Westbourne-
grove cannot but make all who have busi-
ness in that part of London feel uncomfort-
able. The County Council surveyor pointed
out that the accident was due to jerry-build-
ing, and added that he thought there were
probably a good many buildings in the dis-
trict equally unsafe. Surely, we have
enough building Acts and regulations by
now! Must an inspector watch every
bricklayer at work to see that he puts on a
proper amount of mortar?

In this case the responsibility for the
death of the unfortunate man upon whom
the coping-stone fell clearly rests—if the
official evidence is correct—upon the
builder who put it up. What steps will be
taken to discover and bring him to trial
upon a charge of manslaughter? A sen-
tence of twenty years' penal servitude upon
one jerry-builder would do more to rid us
of jerry-building than a dozen Acts of Par-
liament.

THE POLYGLOT
CLUB.

THE SEASON AT MONTE CARLO.

By ARTHUR LAWRENCE.

If first impressions are best I am well
entitled to pronounce verdict upon the at-
tractions of Monte Carlo.

I can sympathise with the sentimental side
of Napoleon, in that I believe in my own star,
but in gambling there is a certain Celtic-cum-
Saxon common-sense which will make itself
heard; and I can never convince myself that
the planets found in conjunction at the
moment of my birth are likely to concern
themselves as to what number turns up at
roulette.

The winning or losing of a sum of money
is not a vital question to me or to anyone else,
although there are many men, apparently
much wiser than myself, who seem to be able
to persuade themselves into the belief that
the winning or losing five francs, or five louis,
or a million of the same, is a matter of the
first importance. If it were something un-
purchasable—the love of a woman, the respect
of a man, the attainment of an ambition de-
pending upon ability and not to be bought—I
am ready, perhaps over-ready, to call upon
the powers that be and pray for success or
deliverance; but obviously the personal equa-
tion is not involved in winning or losing at
some game of pure chance.

I am persuaded, therefore, that the
few who have achieved suicide at Monte
Carlo because they had lost money would
have done as much elsewhere under some
other circumstances, and with no better
excuse.

New Tower of Babel.

The psychology of gaming seems to me
worthy of some little study. Reason tells one
that under the straightforward conditions
which prevail at the Casino the question of
which number turns up is solely a matter of
chance. Yet, in my own experience and in
my observation of others, if one wins, one is
possessed with the belief that one is a real
clever fellow, and if one loses strong self-
reproach is intermingled with one's philo-
sophy.

Oddly enough, also, many folk rate a louis
won at the tables higher than ten times
the amount achieved in the course of good,
sterling effort. One of my acquaintances
skipped for joy as he told me that he was
making twenty francs a day clear on simple
chances, pair and impair, or odd and even.
I reminded him that he had been playing for
over six hours a day, and that he would not
be paid very much less if he went out in the
grounds and took a hand with the gardener.
I am afraid that this worried him, for on the
day that I left he played on long odds, and
lost 600 francs.

It is a curious club. The rules are few
and conversation is not encouraged. We are
of all countries, and the huge majority know
but one language. It is the Tower of Babel
over again, save that we try to build it of
gold, and, as of aforetime, our efforts are not
wholly successful.

It is now the season at Monte Carlo. At
the moment of writing Lord H. de — and
Sir —, the eminent K.C., are "punting"
heavily. The place is crowded, but old
visitors assure me that the glories of Monaco
have departed. We are not so well dressed
as of yore. The German has taken the place
of the English, and the landscape is over-
borne with the châteaux of the Hebrew.

That is the other aspect to all things.
"There God that the Germans have taken to
travelling," exclaims an acquaintance.
"Wherever they go things are cheaper!"

It is whispered that the German Emperor
is perturbed at the notion that his subjects
should be the chief contributors to the few
thousands per diem "earned" by the tables,
and that some grandmotherly legislation will
be the result.

The Charm of the Casino.

In some ways I have found life in Monaco
a perpetual annoyance. Blue sky and blue
sea—it is like walking about in a chromo. In
Paris, where things are cheap, and where fear-
ful efforts are made for one's enjoyment, I
cannot resist largesse to all and sundry, but
at Monte Carlo, with that cheerful robber
awaiting me at the top of the hill, I am mean
about trifles. I curse the conveyance. Every
carriage has two horses, and you are expected
to pay for the other one. When you have lost
a few louis in the Casino you object to paying
a franc for your whisky and soda.

Monaco is, indeed, beautiful, but it has
not the life of Nice nor the bracing air of Men-
ton. The chief grievance is that you don't
care for gambling. You remark it, and
straightway proceed to the Casino. On the
day of my departure I decided that I had no
time to visit that place, but found myself
there, determined to abstain from play, how-
ever; until the fit seized me, and on what is
known as the "unlucky" table, the one nearest
the entrance, I placed five francs on the three
numbers containing my age. Trente-trois!
Why didn't I plunge on the number? And
I pick up sixty francs and rush for the door.

It is enough, no more. Let me begone from
the accursed place, but anon I shall be found
travelling an absurd number of miles in
order to be on the shores of the Mediterranean
again. But the reason will be that I desire
once again to gaze upon the geraniums and
cacti, the palms and the orange trees, to see
the lights twinkling over the bay and to walk
between the pepper trees—to the Casino!

BREAKFAST
TABLE TALK.

The duel arranged between two French
deputies as a result of an altercation in the
Chamber has, fortunately, passed off without
any ill-effects upon the combatants, notwith-
standing the inclemency of the weather.

Lord Onslow, speaking at a meeting of the
Farmers' Club, at Newcastle, suggested that
it might not be disadvantageous if local
authorities were empowered to ring curfew
bells, and if the Board of Agriculture were
to enact that no dogs should be allowed out
large after dark. If his lordship could only
see his way to making such an enactment in
regard to cats he would become the most
popular statesman of the century.

A Sunday journal enters a timely protest
against the introduction of the fiscal equi-
tation at the pantomimes and other places of
public entertainment. It is certainly rather
hard. We meet it in the morning and evening
paper, it greets the patrician at his club
and the humble worker at the public-house,
and now—well, it is almost enough to drive
the public into the National Gallery and the
British Museum.

There was a funny little scene on the Right
Road yesterday morning. A sympathiser with
motorists discovered a police trap close to
Cobham and immediately set off to warn the
proceeding drivers of their danger. A police
inspector waxed highly indignant and ap-
pealed his name and address. "Look here,"
said the motorists' friend, "you want to in-
vent these people driving too fast, don't you?
Well, I'm helping you, see?" The inspector
saw, but he did not look happy.

Habitues of "Gatti's" the famous Strand
restaurant, were surprised last night to find a
band, installed in a balcony. The volume
clock, discoursing sweet music. The volume
of sound is wisely kept down to a minimum.
Conversation is not made impossible, as in
some of the restaurants which boast of music.
These who like listening to the music have
preference to talking discover that the in-
formers are very capable musicians, and that
the violinist, in particular, is a master of his
instrument. The band is to play regularly
henceforward.

The Norwich election has not thrown up
its immediate results, for though the
Duke of Devonshire persists in stating that
even as a free funder he cannot importune
promiscuous diner, another important cir-
cumstance in which Lord Rosebery has been
play a part has been effected. The hyphen
succeeded in forming a coalition, who have
between Campbell and Banerman, who have
agreed to work on the same side in the
every question. The particular side in
any given case will be determined by in-
terest.

General Ricciotti Garibaldi has refused to
have anything to do with the Macedonian
leader, Boris Saraffoff, who hoped for in-
volvement in the Italian General to raise a legion for
service against the Turkish troops in Macedo-
nia. General Garibaldi's action, however, in
action, in the matter is not surprising, as he
regard to the methods of the Macedonian revo-
lution. Perhaps if Saraffoff were to still insist
to the more hardened brigands who still insist
certain parts of Italy he might have some
success. Even that, however, is doubtful, as
even Italian brigands draw the line some-
where.

St. Mary's Church, Charing Cross-road, has
for some time been without a bell, and the
instrument of torture having been stolen by
kindly-disposed burglars. Mr. J. F. Black-
well has now provided a new bell, and the
of the residents in the locality are cross-
Surely in London there is no need for more
tongued clangour which, it has been said,
said, leads to far more property than it
tion. Those who have sat by a sick-bed and
have seen a heavy sleep rudely close at hand
the tolling of a church bell close at hand
appreciate exactly what such an instrument
means. On the other hand, it would be in-
teresting to know whether the loss of the bell
has caused any falling off in the congregation
of St. Mary's.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital authorities have
issued a letter asking for support at the pro-
vision House meeting on the 28th inst., and
an appeal will be made for the most part of
of half a million sterling in its present state
the hospital to remain on its present site.
It is pointed out that the hospital is of great
antiquity, but it is to be feared that the
medieval atmosphere in which the growth
still exists prevents their seeing the need of
great wrong which they are doing by con-
sidering their appeal at the present moment.
King's College Hospital is asking for support
in order to be able to move to a new site.
It is pointed out that St. Bartholomew's
not asked for public subscriptions for many
years, and one cannot help feeling that
another year more or less would do more
any great difference; but doubtless the
governors feel that the strong and com-
sense objections to their forced their
scheme have in a sense forced the public
In another year, when the public are better
acquainted with the question, it might be
much harder to get the money.

COL. LYNCH TO BE RELEASED.

Is it a Bargain with the Irish Party?

The *Daily Mirror* is able, upon good authority, to confirm the report published in the "Weekly Dispatch" that Col. Lynch, C.M.P. for Galway, and leader of a Boer contingent in the late South African war, is to be released shortly.

After various vain enquiries last night at the Liberal clubs, and at a source known technically as the "Convict Department," a representative called upon a well-known Liberal M.P.

"Certainly," he said immediately, "If Lynch has not been released already, he will be free very shortly. I can assure you that it is a distinct gain to the Government. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Balfour in the future will find more sympathisers among the Nationalist members."

LABELLED OXEN.

Bovril Does Not Appreciate a Theatrical Advertisement.

"Chevri" was a beverage made from horses, and won fame for its inventor in besieged Ladysmith. Bovril contains no horses. Ignorance of this distinction may lead you into trouble, as it has led the Vaudeville Theatre. The "Cherry Girl" Mr. Courtice Pounds has been in the habit of explaining the disappearance of his horses with the answer, "Alas! they are Bovril now."

The following brief correspondence has taken place:—
Bovril, Limited,
Old-street, London.

Dear Sir,—We understand you have since Christmas been making a reference to our preparation in the musical play, "The Cherry Girl," and although you may consider the same to be a joke, we are obliged to you for such references. Bovril is guaranteed absolutely pure, and we have spent a very large sum in advertising this fact.

Your insinuation that it is made from anything but the best beef is calculated to do our business considerable harm. We have written a communication to Messrs. A. and S. Gatti asking them for an apology, which we are to publish, and expect a similar communication from you. Moreover, the reference to Bovril must be taken to enforce this course.

Yours faithfully,
GEO. L. JOHNSTON, Vice-Chairman,
Courtice Pounds, Esq.,
Vaudeville Theatre, Strand, W.C.

George L. Johnston, Esq., Bovril, Ltd.
Dear Sir,—The line—"Alas, they are Bovril by this time!" is the author's, not mine. You had better write to him.

The line—"And I hear they want to buy me!" is my own. When I introduced it I should not have been surprised if you sent me a cheque for £100 as a grace-note.

Now, if I had said, "And they don't want any more," I could quite understand your complaint. Personally, I drink Bovril a great deal during my work, and find it refreshing and sustaining. I am very glad to have your assurance that it is absolutely pure.—Yours,
COURTICE POUNDS.

THE MULLAH'S ROUT.

More Details of General Egerton's Victory in Somaliland.

Official telegrams from General Egerton add to the information concerning the Somali Mullah's rout. All the wounded are doing well, and the health of the troops excellent. There were 215 prisoners and 366 captives, and 680 Derivish dead were counted near the Jidballi position.

They are numerous in line of pursuit up to open prairie country, and the total estimated to exceed 1,200. The rout was complete, and no Derivish has been seen in the neighbourhood since, except a small party from the south.

Chief Dolbaba, and deserters state that Haji Mullah, the commander, escaped, as well as four men of note.

The Mullah, with a large force, was said to be near Hudin during the fight.

The killed and twenty-two wounded.

The Italian Government has telegraphed congratulations to the British Government on the victory.—Reuter.

WAR OFFICE TO HAVE A JOURNAL.

Official sanction has been obtained for a new paper to be published at the War Office under the title of "The Army Journal." As an "information" publication it will form an authentic record of military deeds and doings.

A small charge will be made for the paper, but the initial expenses have been met by the War Office, it is expected to become self-supporting.

KOREA FALLING INTO ANARCHY.

M. Pavloff Threatens Severe Measures if Outrage Continues.

THE FORCES MAKING FOR PEACE.

There is little direct news bearing on the Far Eastern question, but the Tsar's pacific moves, supported by the declaration of Viceroy Alexieff, have had a calming effect, which is reflected in the improved tone of the Bourses.

The relaxation is, however, real rather than imaginary, and no definite hopes of the danger being averted can be indulged until Russia's reply has been delivered, an event not expected for at least a week. Indeed, there is much cause for alarm in the condition of Korea.

The "Daily Mail's" correspondent at Seoul, telegraphing last night, says placards are now being posted inciting the natives against the foreigners.

An armoured train with quick-firing guns from the ships has been got ready for use between Chemulpho and Seoul. It is being prepared to rush men who will be disembarked from the warships up the line to the capital at a moment's notice.

An exciting struggle is now taking place at the palace for the ascendancy over the Korean Emperor.

Miss Sontag, the Russian lady, who is really a diplomatic agent, is working against Lady Om, the favourite recently raised to the rank of Empress, who is credited with strong Japanese sentiments.

The same correspondent learns that much defective ammunition has been discovered on the Russian ships at Port Arthur, where there are already abundant evidences of corruption regarding the furnishing of supplies.

A Tokio correspondent says M. Pavloff has warned the Korean Government that excesses on the part of the natives will necessitate severe measures. The Koreans are stated to be burning villages and killing the people across the Chinese frontier to the north.

Japanese reverts in Northern China have been warned to wind up their affairs, and it is stated that 10,000 Chinese troops are shortly to be sent from Nanking to Manchuria.

It is stated that in the event of war, 2,000 French troops will be despatched from Tonquin to the North of China.

As an effective retort on the "pagan invader" sneer of M. Pavloff, the Tokio journal "Ji-Ji" expresses anxiety as to the fate, in the event of war, of the 3,000 Japanese in Manchuria and the 6,000 in Siberia, as Russia "often ignores the rules of civilised warfare."

"THE TSAR'S WILL IS PEACE."

St. Petersburg, Saturday.

The "Sviet" publishes a telegram from Port Arthur stating that at the New Year's Day parade the Viceroy, Admiral Alexieff, addressing the troops, said it was the will of the Emperor that peace should be preserved in the Far East.—Reuter.

DISGUISED JAPANESE STEAMER.

Port Said, Sunday.

The Russian transport Orel and the Russian collier Saratoff have arrived here.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Company's steamer Inaba Maru arrived here considerably disguised, her funnel being painted red with a black top.

The Russian torpedo boat flotilla is refitting here and is awaiting the remaining two vessels.—Reuter.

Suez, Sunday.

The Russian battleship Ossliabov, commanded by Admiral Wrenius, is coaling. The Japanese cruiser Nishin sailed to-day.

ICE TO AID UNION JACK CLUB.

A grand ice carnival is to be held at the National Skating Palace on Thursday, February 11, in aid of the Union Jack Club, under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have promised to be present.

There will be two entertainments, one from 3 to 7 p.m., and the other at 10 p.m. Specially organised skating competitions will be the great feature at both, and a committee, of which the Duchess of Bedford is president, has gone to a great deal of trouble to make this part of the carnival a success. Lord Redesdale is chairman of the general committee, which includes among its members General Sir Ian Hamilton, General Baden-Powell, Colonel Sir E. W. D. Ward, the Duchess of Bedford, the Countess of Derby, Countess Howe, Viscountess Falmouth, Viscountess Coke, Miss Ethel McCaul, and Major Arthur Haggard (secretary of the Union Jack Club), hon. sec.

Tickets of admission will be 10s. 6d. in the afternoon, and £1 1s. in the evening.

BUTTER FOR CHAMBERLAIN.

Shall we come to prefer Queensland butter? That pushful colony is evidently anxious to draw attention to the fact that she makes a good article deserving of the ex-Colonial Secretary's attention when the preferential tariffs come to be considered.

Two small parcels of butter addressed to the Earl of Warwick and Mr. Chamberlain from a dairy on the Darling Downs, Queensland, are on their way to England on board the Damascus.

for Perim. H.M. cruiser King Alfred has left for Aden.—Reuter.

NOT UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG.

With reference to the reports which have appeared in the Press that the two cruisers recently purchased by the Japanese Government left Genoa under the British flag we are requested to state that the British Consul-General at Genoa has reported that these vessels sailed under no flag, as it was dark at the time of their departure, but that the Japanese flag without pennant was to be hoisted at sunrise.

The statement that they arrived at Port Said accompanied by nine British ships of war is altogether without foundation.

LORD LANSDOWNE CAUTIOUS.

To a correspondent who suggested to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs the desirability of allaying public anxiety by a definite pronouncement on the true state of the Russo-Japanese dispute Lord Lansdowne has sent a letter which says:—

"His lordship does not think it would be desirable that he should, at this moment, make such an announcement as you have suggested relative to the state of affairs in the Far East."

"He ventures to refer you to the speech recently delivered by the Prime Minister at Manchester, which seems to him to contain all that need be at present said on this important subject."

Mr. Balfour's speech, it will be remembered, was to the effect that the cause of peace would be little served by bringing the matter into public discussion. He also said:—"It is, I hope, unnecessary for me to say that Great Britain will, to the full, carry out all her engagements, all her treaty obligations, in regard to any of her allies."

EMPEROR EMPRESSMAKER.

Paris, Sunday.

The "New York Herald" states that the Dowager-Empress of Russia is earnestly using her influence with a view to peace, and that without her hostilities would probably already have broken out.—Reuter.

Vienna, Sunday.

At the Court Ball on Saturday evening the Emperor Francis Joseph spoke in a hopeful strain to the assembled diplomatists concerning the crisis. Addressing the American Ambassador, he said, "I think affairs are going on better in the Far East, and that everything will be arranged satisfactorily."—Reuter.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

According to a Tokio telegram Admiral Alexieff has promised the Japanese residents of Port Arthur full protection in the event of war.

A tranquillising effect has been produced on the Russian public mind by the pacific words of the Tsar.

A representative of the Japanese Government in Winnipeg has concluded negotiations for the purchase of a large quantity of Manitoba wheat.

Most of the Japanese residing at Vladivostok are returning with their families to Japan. Speaking at Newcastle on Saturday Lord Onslow said in his opinion it was imperative that this country should maintain an attitude of absolute neutrality as far as consistent with our treaty obligations.

A RUMOURED RESIGNATION.

Rumours are current of the probability of an early by-election in Mid Herts.

These rumours, the Press Association states, are understood to have originated in a belief that the seat of the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, the present member for the constituency, has been technically invalidated owing to the purchase by the Government of two foreign warships through the medium of the hon. member's firm.

If the facts be found to call for such a step it may be expected that Mr. Vicary Gibbs will, pro forma, accept the Chiltern Hundreds upon the assembling of Parliament, and immediately offer himself for re-election.

Lord Morpeth and Mr. Johnson were duly nominated as the respective Unionist and Liberal candidates at Gateshead on Saturday. The polling takes place on Wednesday.

SKATING AT DAVOS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Geneva, Sunday Night.

The third grand skating exhibition at Davos came off before a great crowd in splendid weather.

The 500 and 1,500 kilometre races were won by Gunderson (Norwegian), Koenig (Dutch) being second. Edgington and Booth (English) were fourth and fifth.

In the figure-skating Salchow was first, Mrs. Syers, to the general disappointment, retiring. In the pairs Svaba and Euler won, Mr. and Mrs. Syers being second, and Johnson and Miss Muir third.

The English were warmly applauded.

FAMILY GOES MAD.

Fear of Spooks that Ended in Tragedy.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Berlin, Friday.

A modest little draper's shop in a quiet Berlin street has been the scene of a family tragedy.

Fraulein Elise Schneider lived with her two brothers, Karl and Gustav. All three, as well as their maid-servant, were possessed by the idea that spooks were at large in their home, and were somehow in league with robbers who might at any time break in and rob or murder the occupants.

This fear gave rise to many eccentricities. Fraulein Elise persisted in engaging one shop-girl after another, till at last there were six behind the counter with nothing to do. The brothers became absent-minded at their work and would sit and brood for hours. At night the whole family roamed restlessly from room to room.

At two o'clock this morning, after the usual aimless wander through the dwelling, the elder brother stationed himself at the door with a heavy cavalry sabre in his hand, and as a man passed on the staircase, attacked him and inflicted several deep wounds. The unfortunate victim was a respectable workman.

After this brutal attack the madman retired to his own room and had a scuffle with his brother, in which the latter was severely hurt.

The police, on getting wind of the affair, decoyed the mad quartet to the police-station by pretending that the robber who had broken into their house was there awaiting identification, and all four were at once sent to a lunatic asylum.

ROGUES ON THE RIVIERA.

Englishmen Arrested as Suspected Members of a Notorious Gang.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Sunday.

News has reached Paris that the French police have arrested at Mentone two men who are believed to be swell mobsmen belonging to the gang which the authorities attempted to break up during last year.

The men arrested are both Englishmen, and their names are given as H. Felton, a man sixty-three years of age, and George Mark, aged forty-eight. It is alleged that for some months past they have been engaged in swindling visitors to the Riviera.

Their headquarters were at one of the best hotels in Mentone, but they were frequently absent for several days at a time, Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, and even places over the Italian border being visited by them.

Their arrest took place on January 13, two inspectors of the Paris police recognising them as they were alighting from the train at Mentone after the Nice races, which the police had been attending.

Though Felton denied that he was a sharper the police persist in the assertion that the two men are swindlers for whom they have been searching for some time. It is probable that Felton and Mark will be expelled from French territory without delay.

THE PIRATE ANSWERED.

The insinuation by Mr. Fisher, "the King of Music Pirates," that the "pirated" copies of Mr. Balfour's pamphlet and Mr. Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" have been placed on the streets at the instigation of music publishers in order that they may get sufficient backing to enable a severe copyright Bill to be passed, has called forth great indignation on the part of Mr. Day, of Messrs. Francis, Day, and Hunter.

"It is a wicked thing that ought to be denied at once," he told a *Daily Mirror* representative. "Would any reputable publisher do such a thing? But there, I will give you the best of arguments to prove its absurdity."

"This past week I have attended a Parliamentary Committee on Musical Copyright, and a stringent Musical Copyright Bill has been drafted, and is now all ready to slip through, barring accident, such as dissolution."

Mr. Day then briefly sketched the "Musical Pirate" fight, showing how the Bill passed in 1902 was so mutilated in the Commons that it has proved almost useless; then on to the efforts of 1903, and, finally, to the drafting of the new Bill last week.

DISTINGUISHED PAINTER TURNS MONK.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Rome, Jan. 14.

An interesting sequel to an American duel, in which the famous Florentine painter, Signor Mossini, took part, is now announced.

About three months ago the painter disappeared suddenly as a result of this American duel, which arose out of a love adventure. There was great curiosity to learn what had become of him, because as a painter he was much in request.

The curiosity of his friends has now been satisfied. Mossini has been discovered in the cloister at Ascolipecoreno. The artist has decided to become a monk, and has informed his friends that he will not return to his former career.

Be Thankful if you haven't a cough or cold in these chilly, changeable days. But, if you have either cough or cold or any trouble with your lungs or vocal organs, be thankful for Géraudel's Pastilles. The real remedy for Coughs, Colds, and Lung Troubles.

Under the War Angel's Wings.

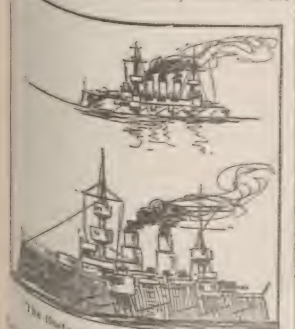
THE EMPEROR OF KOREA AND HIS CAPITAL WITH ITS CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

Seoul, the capital of Korea, which promises to be shortly the theatre of a most striking drama, is one of the curiosities of the East. It is in many respects like the ordinary Chinese city, for it was built five centuries ago by a monarch who chose China for his model in everything. There is the usual Chinese feature of a huge surrounding wall, with gates piercing it on all sides. These gates are called by grandiloquent names—the Sublime Authority, and Wisdom, the Gate of Peace, etc. As in Peking, they are closed soon after sunset, the keys being taken away to the Palace, and no bribe can open them till the morning. Within the wall lives a population of 800,000 people. Most of them are huddled together in a way that no Londoner can appreciate. Even the worst parts of Bethnal Green and Notting Dale give little notion of the squalor and overcrowding of the average great city in the East, and Seoul is worse, rather than better, than the average. There are, however, three main streets of ample breadth, but even here the roadway is encroached on by the shanties erected by squatters, who are undisturbed until the terms of the monarch's ancestors. Then the whole lot are pulled down, only to be rebuilt as soon as the function is over. The ordinary houses are built of mud, stone and wood; those of the better class of houses, which, in lieu of mortar, is held together by plaited straw.

One thing that strikes the visitor from Japan is the absence of vehicular traffic. The swift jinrikisha, the hansom of the West, is hardly ever seen; there are no motor cars, and only a few people of high rank are carried in sedan chairs. The last year or two, however, Seoul has been possessed of one of the characteristic features of Western civilisation, in the form of an electric tramway. There are several royal palaces in Seoul. Some of them are in a more or less ruinous state, owing to the eternal lack of pence that has befallen the country. One of the strictest regulations of the Korean government is that no common house shall stand higher than a royal residence, and there is a good deal of a real smart Yankee who turned up in Seoul to profitable account. He had not done well in Korea, and was despondent as to how to raise a sufficient sum to leave the country in comfort. He found that it only wanted another twenty dollars to be added to his house to make it over to the nearest palace. He called in a Chinese interpreter. Could he run up another story—

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY POWER OF THE TWO NATIONS COMPARED.

The crisis in the Far East has reached that stage when a comparison of the fighting power of the two nations cannot fail to be of interest. Taking first the Navy, we find, in the case of warships—that is, vessels of the



The ships of the two nations compared.

of defence, such as battleships and cruisers, that Japan is far superior to that of

the present moment Japan has no fewer than thirty warships in her own waters, and a fleet which has been thoroughly overhauled, and made ready for war. It might be added, does not include the Russian fleet now in the Red Sea, the Baltic, and the Caspian, nor her numerous torpedo boats. Perhaps a better idea may be gathered by comparing that at the moment the total tonnage of the Japanese fleet in the Far East—that is, battleships and cruisers—amounts to some 100,000 tons, against Russia's 120,174 tons. At the same time, there are several Russian warships on their way to Eastern waters, and by the end of January Russia should be slightly ahead of Japan in the matter of tonnage. In reviewing the fleets we have to remember



Korean Emperor's bodyguard of bowmen. A photograph taken at the Imperial Palace, Seoul, Korea.

(Photo by Pictorial News Syndicate)

any kind of shanty would do—for a hundred dollars?

"Can do," replied the intelligent Celestial, and the building was started next day. But work had not gone far before an emissary from the Court came round to object. The American was obdurate; he stood on his rights, but hinted that means of compromise might be found. There were excited negotiations, and the matter ended in 5,000 dollars being transferred from the public treasury to the Yankee's private coffers. He had earned a first-class passage home.

Let us conclude with a glimpse at royalty and officialdom in this strange capital. Lord Curzon thus describes an audience with the King:—

His Majesty's hands rested on a table, on which a hideous Brussels tablecloth half concealed a gorgeous piece of Chinese embroidery. Behind him and around him were clustered the Palace eunuchs in

Court dresses. At the side stood the interpreter, with his shoulders and head bowed in attitude of the lowest reverence. On either side were the two sword-bearers of state. Upon the royal brow was a double-tiered violet head-piece. His robe was of scarlet figured silk—the royal colour—with panels of gold embroidery on the shoulders and breast, and a gold-studded projecting belt.

Li Hsi is a man of small stature and sallow complexion, with hair drawn tightly up from the forehead beneath a skull-cap; very slight eyebrows; small, vivacious, black eyes; teeth discoloured by chewing the betel-nut, a piece of which he continued to masticate throughout the interview; and a sparse, black moustache and tuft beneath the chin. The King's countenance wears a singularly gentle and pleasing expression.

The President of the Foreign Office Lord

Curzon found to be "an old gentleman with a faultless black hat, a benign and sleepy expression, plump cheeks, and a long, thin, grey moustache and beard." Hearing that Lord Curzon had been a Minister of the Crown in England, the old diplomatist inquired the amount of his salary, adding, "I suppose you found that by far the most agreeable feature of office. But no doubt the perquisites were very much larger still."

Then, conscious that in his own country it was not easy for a person unrelated to the royal family to become a member of the Government, he continued, "You are, I presume, a near relative of the Queen of England?"

When a negative reply was given a look of deep disgust passed over the old gentleman's face, and Lord Curzon was fain to add, "I am, however, still an unmarried man." With that wily suggestion of the loftiest matrimonial ambition he completely regained the Korean's favour.

JAPAN v. RUSSIA.

first that the whole of Japan's Navy is new. She has six great battleships—the Shikishima, Mikasa, Hatsue, Asahi, Yashima, and Fuji. They can steam from eighteen to nineteen knots an hour, and are armed with four 12-in. and from ten to fourteen 6-in. guns each. Japan has also six modern cruisers—the Asama, Asama, Idzumi, Tokiwa, Yakumo, and Iwate—with speeds of twenty to twenty-two knots. Each of these vessels have heavy secondary batteries, which are held by many naval experts to be more dangerous than the larger guns. In another fortnight or so the two new cruisers which recently sailed from Genoa will have arrived. They also can steam at over twenty knots an hour, and are each armed with the latest type of Armstrong guns, namely, twenty-seven on each vessel. In addition to this strong fleet of cruisers, Japan has four very fast protected cruisers, four torpedo gunboats, and twenty destroyers.

The Russian Fleet.

Under Admiral Alexieff Russia has seven battleships—the Poltava, Petropavlovsk, the Sevastopol, Peresviet, Pobeda, Retsinan, and Tsarevitch. She has, therefore, one more battleship than Japan. They are, however,

by no means so modern as the Japanese boats, though, speaking generally, there is not much to choose between them. In the matter of cruisers, however, Russia has only two against Japan's six. They are the Gromoboi and Bayan. They may, and undoubtedly will, shortly be strengthened by the Dmitri Donskoi, and Oslabya, but even these cannot compare to the two fine cruisers which Japan secured from Argentina. We have only dealt so far with the great fighting weapons in the first line of defence, such as battleships and cruisers. To these must be added sixty-seven torpedo boats, in addition to which Japan has a number of "enrolled" ships she can call upon, including thirty-three vessels of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. Two of these vessels have already been taken over by the Government. Russia, it should be added, has thirty-five torpedo craft in Eastern waters. This fleet will be shortly increased by another six now on their way to Port Arthur.

The Two Armies.

Having considered the fighting strength of the two fleets, it is as well to look to the armies. As everyone knows, the soldiers of the Tsar greatly outnumber those of the Mikado. According to the "Statesman's Year Book," the Russian Army is put down as 4,600,000 men and 75,000 officers, while Japan has stated her Army to consist of 457,480 men and 11,611 officers. It is only right to point out, however, that experts declare the figures stated by Russia to be entirely fictitious, and that her Army numbers some 2,750,000 men. Where the Russian Army secures a decided advantage over that of Japan is in its fine cavalry regiments. The Jap is a bad horseman, while his horses, too, are "weedy" and "stunted" compared to those found on the Steppes of Russia. The Russian Cossacks cannot be equalled as cavalrymen. Altogether 328,705 Cossacks can, if necessary, be called to arms as infantry, artillery, and cavalry, for the Cossacks man twenty batteries.

The first conflict, should war break out, would undoubtedly be between the two fleets. Japan here has a distinct advantage over Russia. Her repairing yards, arsenals, and

coal depôts are close at hand, so that the longer the struggle lasts the more would their superiority be marked. Many of the Russian officers, too, are unacquainted with Eastern waters, while every officer in the Japanese Navy knows, speaking generally, every inch of the ground. It is off the exceedingly dangerous coast of Korea where Japan would endeavour to cripple her opponent's fleet by means of her modern and up-to-date torpedo boats.

Russia is placed at a great disadvantage in that her base of supplies is several thousands



The armies of the two nations compared

of miles away. She would have to bring her Army through Manchuria by means of the great Trans-Siberian railway. As the latter would most likely be destroyed early in the campaign, the question of provisions would be a very serious matter. Perhaps the Tsar, at the very last moment, will step in, and the Russia and Japan war which has been looming so long upon the horizon will be averted.



Map of Korea.

“Saro”
 REDNESS,
 IRRITATION, TAN,
 in a very short time.
 Deliciously Soothing and Refreshing.
 Boston, 1c, 10c, and 25c, each, with the
 and Shaving, or Face Cream, of all Chemists,
 25c, 10c, 5c, and 2c, each, with the



A white felt Romney Hat, edged with pink and trimmed with a ruche of pale blue tulle and bunches of violets.

FASHIONS OF THE HOUR.

A PREVALENT CRAZE OF SOME CONVICTION.

It is bouillonnées and bouillonnées to-day. For it so pleases La Mode that we adorn in this with no vestige of restriction. Indeed, on the other hand, rather are we urged to riot wildly in the treatment. The very latest sleeve is a persuasion that should be from shoulder to wrist, entitled bouillonnée. It is a decidedly picturesque decoration for a smart as well as picturesque appearance. But these bouillonnées, adorable as they be when manœuvred by skilled, delicate fingers tempered to the needs of the individual, become quite another story under the manipulation of the little dressmaker, whose efforts invariably result in a bunched, untidy mass of material, absolutely failing in any attempt at grace and outline. A very tome of protest on the plagiarism rather, unkind caricatures—made on bouillonnées good modes could be written. Lovely bouillonnées are ruthlessly murdered by incompetent expression. So few people seem to realise how a vogue in itself is nothing, but modes are therefor. That we who chronicle the evil done there is no denying, the temptation being great to describe with a flow of adjectives, and without any reservations whatsoever, any new notion that arrives. And, truth to tell, we are nearing a somewhat dangerous period; one that proposes to

bring in its train an elaboration of fulness, the like of which we have not been asked to consider for several decades. The first point to bear in mind in connection with this revival is the modern condition under which these fancies will be introduced—to wit, the altered and, as we consider, improved contour, thanks to the cultivated corsetière; the different rules of life which necessitate more rapid movement; in fact, a hundred and one contingencies that demand to be considered and settled once and for all by those deeply versed in the sartorial art. And such decision as they choose to make should be final.

But all this, perhaps, is an unwarrantable tirade; the only excuse to be pleaded in extenuation of it being the design illustrated on this page of a smart little champagne-coloured crêpe de Chine bodice, reflecting over the potential delights of which my mind wandered incontinently off into the text whereon I based my small sermon.

In a wealth of skilfully manœuvred bouillonnées, is found the particular cachet of the whole affair, to which an artistic mingling of copper-coloured velvet adds the completing touch of persuasive elegance.

Reciprocity of Colour Wanted.

The present mode is to wear the blouse to match the skirt in colour. For instance, with a jupe of brown cloth will be seen a blouse of crêpe de Chine in exactly the same hue, trimmed with gold besprinkled embroidery, having cream lawn ruffles that show a hem-stitched border of cream silk spotted with brown. Or, again, a pleated skirt of dark blue has a blouse of heavy chiffon, lightly figured with red sou-tache braid.

It always has gone against the artistic sense to own any approval of a blouse which formed a harsh contrast, and cut the wearer short at the waist; though one must confess that

one has oftentimes been carried away from this critical view of the case into fervent admiration of many of the exquisite light and pale coloured blouses one sees worn with black.

Still, theoretically, and certainly also in practice, if the figure is at all short or large in the waist, the blouse should, without doubt, be in suite with the rest of the costume; and it is a style which is already finding many wise adherents. Not the least among its advantages is that a dark colour can then be chosen, and a saving on the cleaner's bill effected.

FURTHER SACRIFICES.

MILLINERY ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.

To-day and the five following days will be notable ones at Madame Valerie's, 12, New Burlington-street, as representing the last week of the sale, when all millinery, irrespective of any original marked prices, will be cleared at 7s. 9d. each, the only condition that goes with

this remarkable offer being that orders must be accompanied by a remittance.

NOTEWORTHY BARGAINS.

Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly-circus.—Three and a half guinea costumes for 31s 6d.

Hancock and James, 8, Grafton-street, New Bond-street.—Ten per cent. off all corsets made to order during the sale.

Maudie Taylor, 163b, Sloane-street, S.W.—Guinea glacé silk petticoats for 9s. 11d., in many colours, with deep flounces and three small frills.

AN APPROPRIATE CHOICE.

Of extraordinary beauty is the Irish crochet lace which has been made for Miss Alys Bateman, the talented soprano singer, who sets out this week on a grand concert tour of the kingdom. One of Miss Bateman's dresses is entirely of Irish crochet, and in this exquisite garment the popular singer will appear in Belfast and to other Irish audiences.



Scheme for a crêpe de Chine Blouse of champagne colour relieved by copper-brown velvet.



THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 64.—BOMBE A LA MASCOTTE.

By M. ANTOINE MOISY, Chef Kensington Palace Mansions Restaurant.

Rub the fruit of eighteen stewed peaches through a sieve, add half a pound candor sugar and half a gill of Kirschwasser into it. Beat one pint of cream to a froth, and mix with the above. Put the mixture in a freezing mould, cover it tightly, and bury it in a pile of broken ice and salt for two hours.

Unmould and garnish with small macaroons, and serve.

MEMORANDA FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Saturday evening.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Semolina and Fish Fritters.
Mushrooms and Bacon. Dutch Toast.
Potted Chicken. Eggs sur le plat.

LUNCH.

Normandy Soup. Baked Flounders.
Scallops of Meat. Steak and Kidney Pie.
Stuffed Tomatoes. Baked Pudding.
Chocolate Mould. Cream Cheese.
Pulled Bread.

COLD DISHES.

Roast Veal. Savoury Eggs. Pressed Beef.
Greenock Scones. Cucumber Sandwiches.
*Bale Leckerlis. Viennese Triangles.
Shrewsbury Cakes.

DINNER.

Soups.
Consommé aux Nouilles.
Brown Celery Soup.

FISH.

Fillets of Sole Baltimore.
Stuffed Mackerel. Wine Sauce.

ENTRÉE.

*Grenadines of Veal. Curried Chicken.
Roasts.

Saddle of Mutton. Loin of Pork Stuffed.
Game.

Roast Woodcock. Pheasant Soufflé.
Vegetables.

New Potatoes à la Maitre d'Hôtel.
Celery Ramquins.

SWEETS.

Pistachio Soufflé. Peach Fritters.
Savouries.

Cheese Creams. Stuffed Olives.
Ice.

Orange Water.
Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 222.—BALE 'LECKERLIS' (SWISS).

INGREDIENTS:—Six ounces of honey, two ounces of chopped almonds, one ounce of orange and lemon peel, one ounce of cinnamon, a saltspoonful of powdered cloves, quarter of a pound of Demerara sugar, half a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of Kirschwasser.

Put the honey into a clean, bright pan. Let it come nearly to the boil and skim it, add the almonds, peel, cinnamon, cloves, and sugar. Let this stand over night. Then thoroughly stir in the flour, and lastly the Kirschwasser. Well flour some flat tins, like Yorkshire pudding tins. Roll out the paste to about a quarter of an inch thick, and cut it into pieces about three inches square. Lay them on the tins, and bake in a moderate oven till firm and lightly browned. Mix two ounces of sieved icing sugar smoothly with a little cold water. It should be thin enough to be lightly brushed over the top of each square. When this is done, let them get cold and keep in dry tins.

Cost 1s. 4d. for ten portions.

No. 223.—GRENADES OF VEAL.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound of fillet of veal, larding bacon, one carrot, one turnip, one onion, a piece of celery, a small bunch of parsley and herbs, salt and pepper, half a pint of stock.

Cut the veal into well-shaped cutlets and lard them neatly. To do this, cut the bacon into small strips, put one in the larding needle and draw it in large stitches through the cutlets. Do three or four rows in each cutlet. Then braise them for about half an hour in a pan with the vegetables and stock, basting them often. When they are sufficiently cooked, put them on a tin in the oven to get nicely browned. Strain the stock and boil it fast till it is reduced to one gill. Make a bed of mashed potatoes on a hot dish, arrange the cutlets neatly on it, and pour the reduced stock round.

Cost 2s. 6d. for six portions.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Mutton.	Meat.	Pork.	Veal.
Bream.	Fish.	Cod.	
Mackerel.	Soles.	Eels.	
Halibut.	Herrings.	Mullet.	
Plaice.	Smelts.	Whitebait.	
Oysters.	Canadian Salmon.	Crabs.	

Turkeys.	Ducks.	Geese.
Rabbits.	Pigeons.	Fowls.
Woodcock.	Pheasants.	Quails.
Teal.	Snipe.	Wild Duck.

Globe and Jerusalem Artichokes.	New Potatoes.	Tomatoes.
Mushrooms.	Seakale.	Cabbages.
Parsnips.	Sorrel.	Spinach.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Oranges.	Cape Fruit.	Pears.
Nuts.	Apples.	Grapes.
	Bananas.	
	Forced Rhubarb.	

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

White Lilac.	Blossoms for the Table.
Roses.	Yellow and White Narcissus.
Carnations.	Anemones.
Smilax.	Myrtle.
Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.	
Diffodils.	Mimosas.
Poinsettias.	Marguerites.
Palms.	Aralias.
Pink and White Heaths.	

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Continued.

"My dear Mrs. Lorison, what are you talking about? Pray explain. What has happened?" asked Colonel Joscelyn.

"I told Aimée Petronoff," said Helen Lorison, "that it was I who was in your rooms at the Albany on the night Lewis Detmold killed himself."

"You? You said that?" The Colonel's self-possession as nearly left him then as it had ever done before in the whole course of his life.

"Yes," she said, and bowed her head. "Good Lord!" gasped the Colonel, and commenced to walk up and down the room. He was trying to think how this extraordinary turn of events would affect the matter.

"And I think," said Helen, "that she believed me. You see she—well, she—she knows you."

"I see," he said, drily. "You will stick by me; you will, if need be, bear me out?"

"Why?" He turned and faced her. "For her sake."

"You think it will help her?"

"I thought so, I—oh, it seemed the easiest way to stop her venomous talk. Whatever happens, no harm must come to Martia Chesney."

"Why are you so anxious about the welfare of Mrs. Chesney?"

"Never mind that."

"But I do mind. To me it seems incomprehensible."

"She winced. 'She is a good woman,' was all she said. 'And it is better that I suffer instead of her. It can make no difference to you.' There was just a touch of scorn in her agitated voice."

"So you, too, believe the story?" he retorted, scornfully.

"Oh, no, no!"

"Then why do you fear for her?"

"Because of you," she said.

"Because of me?"

"Oh, don't be angry. I did it for the best. You must stand by me. What difference does it make to you? But to her? No, no, no! Aimée Petronoff understood."

"But did she?"

"I think so—I am sure of it."

"Humph! And the others? Are they all to have this new version dished up for their delectation?"

"The Princess will say no more."

"But the others?"

"They do not count. You know that. No one can believe it of her. Oh, Colonel Joscelyn, have some pity on me! Don't be so hard. It has cost me a lot to talk like this to you."

The Colonel still strode restlessly up and down the room.

"I was thinking," he said, "that as there was no woman in my rooms on the night that Lewis Detmold committed suicide, your statement may prove awkward if it ever goes further than the Princess Petronoff."

"But it won't. I am sure of that. We understood each other."

"You and she?"

"Yes. You are cruel."

"I beg your pardon. Forgive me; but—well, I am trying to look into the future, to appreciate possibilities."

"And to defend Martia Chesney—that above all things?"

"Naturally."

"And in that I am with you. See—I have proved it. It is not a nice thing to admit—to confess—that I was in your rooms. But I don't care a pin about that so long as it will stop Aimée Petronoff's tongue."

The Colonel regarded her with a curious, half-pitying, half-admiring scrutiny. "Pon my soul," he said, "I don't understand you. You are keeping something back. I am all in the dark. Don't think that I am—well, ungrateful for the sacrifice you have made."

"Please don't talk like that," she interrupted, quickly. "All I want you to do is to promise me that you will bear me out. Think anything you like, do anything you like. Only let me bear the—the reproach, if there is to be any reproach. I can afford it. What does it matter? I only go back a year or two—in one woman's opinion. I can soon recover myself."

"But you forget," he said again, "that there was no one in my chambers that night. I told the coroner's jury so."

She gave him a swift look of inquiry. There was nothing in his face to tell her that he was not speaking the truth.

"Yes?" she asked. "Go on."

"I only want to say that, if they discover, by your statement, which you have made it impossible for me to deny, that there was someone there, well—? Surely you can see my position?"

"Yes."

"I mean about Detmold."

"Yes."

"Well, how will it strike an impartial wit-

ness? I am a perjurer. You—the man's fiancée—were in my rooms. It will be very awkward—more than awkward."

"I have thought of that."

"And you are prepared to go through with it?"

"If you are."

"Hang it all, my dear lady, I am not anxious to be charged with perjury, or perchance worse—murder. Can't you see the possibilities?"

"But for her sake?"

The Colonel started. The woman was an enigma to him. What did she know? What did she wish to imply?

"It seems to me," she continued, "that the hypothetical position you have just sketched was far more probable before than now, and the woman would have been Martia Chesney."

"And now?"

"Now Aimée Petronoff will be silent, and the chance is too remote to contemplate."

"But assuming that the worst happens?"

"The worst is less likely to happen now than before. And, if it does—if, I say—then all I ask of you is to let me be the woman, instead of Martia Chesney."

Paul Joscelyn's brain was confused. The suddenness of this new development had, for the moment, destroyed his grasp on things. He was trying to get a right perspective. What happened after that does not matter much, and the Colonel hardly remembered it, or anything else, till he found himself back at his own hotel. Everything had dwindled into comparative insignificance in his mind before this extraordinary new position, and only one question hammered persistently on his brain for answering. What had possessed Helen Lorison to defend Martia Chesney? It was a question that had not to wait a very long time unanswered.

He went up to his rooms, feeling like a man who had come through a period of sustained muscular and mental effort. He was very tired. He opened the door of his suite with his key. The lights were full on, and a man stood in the middle of the room. For a moment he did not recognise the man, so utterly changed and different was he, and so far away from the man were Paul Joscelyn's thoughts; and it was after several seconds, during which he stared hard at the man, that he gasped out the man's name.

"Chesney!"

It was Philip Chesney who stood before him, looking ten years older, and bent and worn, and very white.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The change Paul Joscelyn saw in Philip Chesney was not confined to his personal appearance. It was complete and, in contrast to the man he had left a couple of hours ago, away on the Italian frontier, the man was another being. His voice, too, had altered. It was a dull, tired, worn-out voice, and it dragged.

"Colonel Joscelyn," he said at once, "there need be very few words between us, and the sooner they are said the better. I am not forgetting that you showed me some consideration just now."

"We can forget all that," interrupted the Colonel. "You were not yourself."

"I was mad; I deserved anything. I was a coward. However, I have got over that nightmare. When you left me, I was within an ace of blowing out my brains. I don't know why I did not. I wish to God I had!"

"What do you mean?"

"Listen. I will not keep you long. He spoke wearily. He was like the ashes of a man whose life had been burnt out of him; there was no resentment in his voice, no anger, no contempt, no feeling at all. It was merely a tired monotone. "I think it must have been the sudden revulsion of feeling, or the sudden realisation of the stupendous ass I had made of myself, that made me put that revolver of yours in my pocket and go back to Mentone—to Mrs. Chesney. Perhaps, too, I remembered your word—your word as a man of honour!"

"Well?" The Colonel's voice faltered. He had begun to perceive that something was wrong—very wrong. A sinking sense of fear came to him. A horrible thought—was it possible that Martia were dead? He crushed the life out of the wild imagining and listened attentively to the younger man.

"After all, I told myself, the word of Paul Joscelyn could not be false. Because I had insulted you by refusing to believe you, you were justified in shooting me as a dog."

"Let us put all that away for ever," said the Colonel, quickly. "I have already told you that I have forgotten. I don't want any apology. You were not, as you say, yourself."

"Apology?" A sickly smile came into the haggard, old-young face. "I'm afraid you don't understand."

"What do you mean?" Joscelyn bent forward. He was conscious of things slipping away from him—impending chaos. Something unimaginable had happened.

"What I want to say is this, Colonel Joscelyn: you lied to me then."

The Colonel winced; then said, hoarsely: "Go on!"

"What your object was I have tried to understand, tried to justify. I cannot. I—well, I am all at sea just now. I only know that I have been a most stupendous fool."

"What has happened?" asked the Colonel in a fierce whisper. "What are you driving at?"

"Martia has told me everything," said Philip.

The Colonel's bronzed cheeks blanched. He plunged his hands into his pockets. All the

rigidity of his iron, close-knit, lean form seemed suddenly to leave it. His shoulders dropped. He lost three inches in height in an instant, became a huddled up old man. He did not say a word. Philip continued:—

"She told me everything—told me that she had asked you to save my credit, that you had challenged her to go to your rooms, that she went, that you were not there, that the other man was there, and—oh, God in Heaven, why?—why? did you do it? She told me how it all happened and—and everything."

"I see," said Paul Joscelyn in the voice of a child. "So she told you. And what did you do?"

"I did nothing. I only came here at once to tell you."

"You understand then?" he exclaimed eagerly.

"No, I do not understand," said Philip drily. "I only know that I wish I had killed myself in that cave just now. It would have been better."

"Why did you come here, then?"

"Why?" Some faint gleam of life shot into his dull, expressionless eyes. He raised his voice. It was hard, pitiless. He put his hand into his coat pocket, drew out the Colonel's revolver, and flung it down on the table between them. "I came to return that thing to you," he said. "I think you may want it to-night. Do you understand? You were good enough to give me a chance just now. I do not wish to be backward in courtesy. You told me then, sir, that there were two courses open to me, and left that thing with me to think them over. It is your turn now. You said there were two courses open to me. For you, I can only see one course. That is what I came to say. I will leave you now to think over that one course."

Joscelyn was staring blankly at the floor. The click of a shutting door made him look up. Philip Chesney was not there. He had gone without another word.

The revolver lay on the table within reach of his hand. The words were running monotonously in his brain. "One course—only one course!"

He wiped away the sweat which had gathered on his forehead, and frowned.

"What the devil possessed her to do it?" he asked himself aloud. "And what the devil is to be done?"

And the words drummed an answer in his brain. "There is only one course!"

He sank into a chair, and pressed his hands to his aching eyes. He sat like this for a long time; neither he nor anyone else ever knew how long. But when he looked up again, he saw the revolver on the table within reach of his hand.

"No," he said fiercely, and sprang to his feet. "No! There are many courses—many! She needs me more now than ever. And, while she lives, I shall live. By God, I am not a coward!"

And he took up the revolver steadily and put it in a drawer of the table.

CHAPTER L.

When Philip Chesney reached the Hotel de Paris at Mentone, a few minutes after midnight, he had made up his mind on many things. He was strangely, almost unnaturally, cool. Of Martia he had thought little. They had parted for ever. She had understood. Lawyers could arrange the rest. He was quite prepared to allow her a sufficient income. It could be done quietly, decently, and in order, as these things can be done. No, he need not trouble himself about that; but what he must trouble about and decide was the danger of scandal, of this abominable thing becoming public or to the knowledge of the police. On consideration, however, he decided that there was no great danger. Only three people in the world could give the secret away besides himself—Martia and Joscelyn, and Ralph Beverley. In the morning there would be only two. Beverley could be depended upon. Martia would never speak. He, for his own sake, and the good name of his family, must see that these gossips were silenced. He would be very diplomatic. He would start at once a course of slow poisoning—he would stamp out the scandal. True, there was the Indian servant; but he would not count. Martia had assured him on that point.

Of course, the difficulty might possibly be overcome to-morrow, when the world knew that Paul Joscelyn had committed suicide, even as Lewis Detmold. That would certainly look funny. Well, they could think and say whatever they liked. All he had to do was to see that this statement of Ralph Beverley's concerning his wife was crushed out of existence and forgotten. There had, of course, been no one in those rooms at the Albany on that night. No one. Yes, he would never forget that. He would play the Colonel's game.

The world need know nothing about his separation from his wife for some time to come. They and the lawyers could easily work that. Martia understood.

So he disposed of the future, forgetting that he was not a god, and thinking, poor, pitiable fool, that where a man like Paul Joscelyn had failed he was going to succeed.

He received his first shock from the night porter of the hotel, who told him that Mrs. Chesney had been suddenly called away to see a sick friend, and gave him a letter from her.

He read the letter in his room a minute or two later, and was forcibly reminded of the fact that all his resolves and plans were useless.

The letter, written in pencil, was short. It ran as follows:—

I have decided to go at once. You need never look for me or trouble about me. Make any excuse you like. I have told the concierge that I am going to stay the night with a sick friend. I have taken all my personal belongings, and have sufficient money to prevent your being at all disturbed about me. I have my own plans. You need have no fear for the name of Chesney. All I ask of you is to forget that I ever was,

MARTIA.

That the reader should understand Philip Chesney's mood that night, it may be said that he thought far more about how he was going to explain his wife's disappearance than that she had gone out of his life for ever.

In the morning Paul Joscelyn would be dead, and Martia Chesney would still grieve. He spent a sleepless night, and in the morning felt a sudden demoralising impotence to deal with anything at all. The scandal had grown unmanageable. He had begun to take fright. The only grain of comfort left to him was the thought, which he put into words, and repeated mechanically,

"No one was in the Colonel's rooms on the night of Detmold's death. No one!"

Then it was that he received his second shock. It came in a letter, which was brought up to him with his coffee.

It was a letter in an unknown hand, and was marked "private." The envelope bore the postmark of Monte Carlo. The letter read thus:—

Dear Captain Chesney,—As I am sure you must be annoyed at the foolish story which is being made by certain people here, that Mrs. Chesney was in the late Mr. Detmold's rooms on the night he came to my knowledge that I am a person is endeavouring to cause this trouble to Mrs. Chesney through this conceive it my duty to tell you that I am able to prove, if it should ever be utterly false to do so, that the statement is utterly false. My reason for saying this is that I was secret in your hands, believing that you will respect it. But, at the same time, I am quite determined that no innocent woman shall suffer for my indiscretion. And I am sure you will forgive my letting you know this.

I do not think, for a moment, that there will be any further trouble, as I have read the Princess Petronoff, the prime mover in this disgraceful attempt to blacken the name of a good woman, what I have told you.

Please destroy this letter as soon as possible, and believe me, yours sincerely,

HELEN LORISON.

To attempt any analysis of the state of Philip Chesney's mind after the perusal of this extraordinary letter would be to attempt the impossible.

For the moment it stunned him, and he became chaos, and a pandemonium of doubt and fear and suspicion shrieked at the very bottom of the well of truth; that, whatever happened in the future, he knew the face of And now he was brought suddenly face to face with a greater mystery than ever. The old nightmare of doubt had returned. What in Heaven's name did it all mean? Was he never to know the truth? Was the world banded together to make sport of him and fool him?

To be continued.

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BEAUTIFUL red chiffon Evening Gown, of rich foundation, handsomely trimmed leaves of deeper shade; model; quite new; 10/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL black beaver Picture Hat, rich ostrich feather, and real black Chantilly lace; cost 4 guineas; accept 30/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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BLACK belize Russian Coat; slight girth; hardly worn; 41/-; H. S. Hawthorn-villas, Walsingham.

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CHARMING afternoon Gown of navy blue cloth; pipings of pale blue velvet and black lace; model; cost 9 guineas; take 25/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING Blouses of cream silk, fagot skirt and turquoise yoke; not soiled; small size; 15/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING blue silk Semi-Evening Gown, trimmed gaiters (latest fashion), cream lace and lavender; good condition; 22/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING ring-spotted net Evening Gown over white glaze; turquoise velvet and lace trimmings; not soiled; 24/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHINE silk (blue, pink, and white) Semi-Evening Gown, beautifully made; gathered skirt, lace frills, etc.; good condition; 22/-; 40/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COURT Dressmaker—A Handsome ivory Duchesse satin Evening Gown, hand embroidered, beautiful design; cost 40 guineas; take 25/-; medium—write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CREAM French flannel Dressing Gown, trimmed black lace appliqué and Tont Thumb fringe edging; 21/-; scarcely soiled—write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CREAM serge Gown, pleated skirt, blouse, bodice, stitched panne, cords and tassels; silk lined; good condition; 41/-; 41/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CREAM serge Gown, with turquoise laced silk and cream line yoke and sleeves; 20/-; 38/-; write 3070, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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DAINTY white China silk Gown, good quality, frills, lace, and insertions; not soiled; 25/-; 41/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DARK blue Coat and Skirt; tailor-made; beautifully stitched; cost lined satin; 27/-; 40/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DARK blue frize Russian Costume; strapped silk, coat lined red satin; 24/-; 40/-; 25/-; 41/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DARK Donegal tweed outdoor Costume, belted coat, skirt inverted plait; good quality; 24/-; 40/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DOUBLE-BREADED red serge Coat, for little girl about 10/-; 9/-; 6/-; also two dark serge frocks; quite good; outgrown; 12/-; the two—write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ELEGANT green velvet Coat, lined satin, handsome black trimming; cost 19 guineas; take 12/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EYON Costume of grey tweed, short, pleated skirt, coat silk-lined; 29/-; average—write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXCEEDINGLY smart black and white silk Foulard; lined silk; handsomely trimmed black velvet ribbon and lace; suit middle-aged lady; 25/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXQUISITE and charming 21-guinea marmot ostrich feather Skirt; natural color; 22/-; 39/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXQUISITE Gown of pleated ivory silk, trimmed French lace and chiffon, beautifully made; good as new; 59/-; 60/-; write 2991, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FANCY Dress, Lapland native, new cream flannel, handsomely trimmed cap, ornamental belt to match; complete; 50/-; hire, 12/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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FASHIONABLE greenish tweed Gown, trimmed emerald velvet, with facings of hand-embroidered ivory satin; nearly new; 22/-; 39/-; write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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FASHIONABLE Underkirt, new, wine colour, never worn; 10/-; 6/-; 44/-; Prince's avenue, London.

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GENTLEMAN'S dark tweed lined Chesterfield Overcoat; also this dark Overcoat, silk facing; good; tall and broad-chested; 30/-; the two—write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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HANDSOME evening Gown of black net over white satin; sequins hand-sewn all over gown; tulle velvet on corse and sleeves; 44/-; write 2989, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME Evening Gown, black and steel sequins, over black silk chiffon frills, sleeves, and trimmings; 26/-; 42/-; guinea—write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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HANDSOME evening Gown of black net over white satin; sequins hand-sewn all over gown; tulle velvet on corse and sleeves; 44/-; write 2989, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME Evening Gown, black and steel sequins, over black silk chiffon frills, sleeves, and trimmings; 26/-; 42/-; guinea—write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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HANDSOME black and white satin foulard 11 Gown, trimmed fine black French lace; frills; lined silk; 25/-; 39/-; 45/-; write 3012, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME pale bluish cloth Gown, strapped silk, trimmed lace and emerald panne, silk-lined throughout; average; cost 40 guineas; take 59/-; write 2019, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME pair of French straight-fronted Corsets; black and red brocade; lovely shape; size 20in.—write 3022, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME black cloth tailor-made blouse Coat and Skirt; Oriental trimming, strapings, etc.; silk-lined throughout; average; 45/-; write 3077, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME Empire Coat, dark blue cloth, braided, and trimmed Persian lamb; suit all figure; 45/-; write 3015, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME pale pink Dressing-Gown, with large cream silk handkerchief collar; write 2994, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME old-rose brocade Opera Coat, wadded, lined silk, large sleeves; 49/-; write 3029, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOPSACK bolero Costume, greenish colour, trimmed stitched silk, cords, and tassels; 45/-; write 3035, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY in mourning wishes to dispose of smart Gowns, Blouses, etc.; quantity very reasonable; no dealers; 42/-; write 3066, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LITTLE girl's navy serge knitted Sailor Frock (outgrown); 7d.; write 3008, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOND town semi-fitting box-cloth Driving Coat and Skirt; Oriental trimming, smart shoulder cape; cost 8 guineas; take 2 guineas; 25/-; write 3006, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LOVELY theatre Coat of ivory brocade, 15 trimmed ermine, with long stole ends; cost 15 guineas; take 27/-; write 3032, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MODEL—Beautiful cream canvas Gown, hand-sewnly trimmed thick lace, silk lined throughout; scarcely soiled; 27/-; 41/-; 24/-; write 3113, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NAVY cloth Skirt, walking length, 10s. 6d.; two cashmere Blouses, red and pale blue; 30/-; write 3078, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NAVY serge "Trottoir" Costume, beautifully braided; West End tailor; 22/-; 37/-; 28/-; write 3112, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NORFOLK Costume of grey Harris tweed, short skirt, quite good; 25/-; average—write 3112, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PALE blue cashmere Blouse, pointed yoke, cream insertion; quite good; cream nua; lined black; 25/-; write 3064, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PALE blue silk Evening Gown; 41/-; also long black lace; 27/-; write 3032, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PALE blue silk Evening Gown; 41/-; also long black lace; 27/-; write 3032, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PALE pink nua's velvety Breakfast Gown; wide Japanese sleeves; lace insertions; 21/-; write 3098, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PALE blue crêpe de Chine Theatre Blouse, gathered, lace insertions (diamond shape); scarcely soiled; 15/-; average—write 3049, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PALE yellow soft silk evening Gown, gaugings rich lace and chiffon trimmings; 24/-; 42/-; write 2987, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PASTEL blue Coat, Skirt, lined silk; almost 12/-; 10/-; Blouse to match; 15/-; Liberty silk Blouse; quite new; 16/-; write 779, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PERFECTLY new dark blue face cloth Costume, coat lined silk, good tailor; midist; 26/-; 42/-; 3 guineas; cost double—write 3105, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PERFECTLY new—A handsome black sequin dress, transparent yoke, elbow sleeves, frilled chiffon, black foundation frills; 43/-; 56/-; write 3099, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PERFECTLY new—An embroidered white silk Robe; not made up; good shape; lovely quality; cost 4 guineas; take 43/-; write 2990, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PINAFORES—Dainty trimmed Pinafores, approval—write 786, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Pretty cream nua's velvety Semi-Evening Gown; scarcely worn; trimmed ribbon ruchings; small size; 25/-; write 2995, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Pretty cream voile Skirt; tucked on hips and shaped blouse; batiste lining; 15/-; 21/-; 40/-; write 3056, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Pretty mauve tweed Russian Costume, with soft tucked satin blouse to match; coat lined white silk; stitched; 24/-; 41/-; 43/-; complete—write 3055, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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Pretty mauve tweed Russian Costume, with soft tucked satin blouse to match; coat lined white silk; stitched; 24/-; 41/-; 43/-; complete—write 3055, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PRETTY pink silk muslin Dance Dress for young lady (about 17); daintily made with frills, gathered skirt, etc.; 19/-; 6d.—write 3014, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PRETTY Breakfast Jacket of pink poplin; made latest style; trimmed insertion; 10s. 6d.—write 3095, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

RAGLAN Coat, semi-fitting, three-quarter length; 15s.—write 3045, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

RED-BROWN serge Russian Costume, short skirt, strapped seams, pointed shoulder cape; 45/-; nearly new; 21/-; 35/-; write 3044, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

RICH ivory Orient satin Evening Gown, beaded, fitted gold and pearl embroidery trimming, little soiled at hem; 25/-; 41/-; 42s.—write 2999, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SLOANE Dress Agency, 166, Sloane-street, Bargains of all kinds; smart gowns, etc., purchased.

SMART pale yellow brocade Evening Coat, wide Japanese sleeves, quilted lining, trimmed white Thibet; newest shape; 42s.—write 3094, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART pair black glaze evening Shoes; open work jetted fronts; French make; 25/-; 30/-; write 3091, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART green and white belize Gown, hand-sewnly strapped silk, and deep silk applique blouse, lined pale green silk moiré; quite good; 21/-; 40/-; 50s.—write 3017, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART turquoise tweed bolero Costume, coat lined white satin, trimmed silk strapings; 22/-; 40/-; write 3013, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART purple frize blouse Coat and Skirt; black glaze trimmings; good condition; 22/-; 39/-; 29s.—write 2988, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART French Togue composed of Parma violet, little twists of velvet to match, and small round gold ornaments; cost 2 guineas; take 15/-; write 3006, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SMART Parisian Gown of mole-coloured cloth, thick lace trimming, etc.; average size; 44/-; 10s.—write 3037, "Daily Mirror,"